Prompt: Supernatural, Castiel + anybody. The angel gets cursed - his wings are bound so he can't fly and the curse won't be lifted until he's walked a thousand miles. But any living thing he passes before then will drop dead.

https://comment-fic.livejournal.com/188554.html?thread=40567434#t40567434

Castiel has long since stopped counting steps or miles, but he hasn't stopped counting the creatures he sees.

An angel's memory can be eternal, and as he cannot stop to build a grave or memorial to what he has harmed, he must remember every living thing that he has harmed by walking near them.

He has tried avoiding people, places, every place on earth that has living creatures on it, but his Father's work was too thorough. There is always some animal, some person, some*one* near his path, and he knows that he still has further to go.

Castiel still memorizes every creature he has killed, and when he can he offers a prayer of forgiveness to his Father, who art not in Heaven, but who must hear him either way.

Castiel hopes He hears, and most of all he hopes that He forgives him.

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He looked dusty and battered, from what I could tell. Some poor soul walking down the highway, covered in dust and who knew what else. I asked Mom to stop and see if he needed a ride, but she just shook her head and drove on past, driving up a wind that tossed his hair around.

I saw his eyes, though, when we were close enough. They were this bright, bright blue, and I don't know if I'll ever be able to forget them. Not because they were beautiful - they were - but because he looked so heartbroken when he saw me looking at him.

I wonder what he saw in me? Oh well. I won't be able to ask him anything, not with Mom getting sick, and I think I'm getting it, too.

- From the Diary of Miss Anna Shoresby, 1989 - 2001.